

# The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19, OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA  
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

SAT. MARCH 15th, 1919

No. 7

## THE TWILIGHT HOUR

*In the still and lonely evening,  
When the toil of day is done,  
And the shadows come a-creeping  
Round about her, one by one,  
Then her fancies go a-roaming  
As she sweetly breathes the name  
Of that loved-one fighting yonder  
Who is smiling from the flame.*

*Oh, the comfort of that hour,  
With her boy across the sea!  
How it soothes the pain and longing!  
How it makes the sorrows flee!  
It's the greatest joy and treasure  
That a Mother's heart can claim;  
Is that witching twilight hour  
When her "boy" smiles from the flame.*

LT. CLIFTON E. GURD.





# The Handshake From Your Home Town

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YOU WILL FIND IT AT THE

## FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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### BARACA BIBLE CLASS

PROF. A. J. HUTCHINS, Teacher

Every Sunday Morning - - - - - 10 o'Clock

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

6:00 to 7:30, with light refreshments - - - Every Sunday Evening

### WORSHIP IN CHURCH

Sunday, 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Dr. W. F. Powell is our Minister and your Friend.

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Our Church Stands Back of Every Man at Oteen



# The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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B

VOL. II.

Saturday, March 15, 1919

No. 7

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seven-teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

Want to go home? Sure! Ten thousand times we've wished it, if we're not constantly murmuring it to our neighbor. Listen, worrying never did us a bit of good. Every day is one day nearer the goal—some are betting on the day. With that in mind it behooves us to take care of ourselves, mentally as well as physically.

We all remember what last winter did to the fellows in many other of the camps in the question of epidemics. We, by rare care and attention, avoided that. And it's just reasonable that we must watch ourselves every day—until we are handed our "fare-thee-well." You think the battle in back of you—but don't fool yourself, buddy. It's all ahead and the day you kick out, the "bucking" will start with a vengeance. Wait and see!

Follow a few simple rules. Stay out in the open as much as you can. If you have no outside detail, learn to baseball, etc. Many folks in our environ are paying thousands of dollars for the air we are getting for nothing. Keep your mind tilting toward the brighter side of things—look about and see the fellow that has a worse case of "heart-itch" than yourself. We are going to need broader minds and bodies to cope with the rush we'll find ourselves in just ahead. Mark us, the outgoing won't be far off for many—and with that day in mind let's be getting ready! Also keep well!



Wounded men in hospitals and soldiers in cantonments awaiting demobilization need magazines more than ever, according to reports received by the American Library Association from its camp and hospital librarians. From the same source it is reported that the supply of magazines contributed by the public has fallen off materially since the signing of the armistice. Even at Oteen there has been a noticeable decrease of incoming periodicals.

Whenever you put a one cent stamp on a magazine and drop it into a mail box, it quickly gets into the hands of these men, who need this sort of reading matter very much. Every sort of periodical is in demand, so long as they are recent issues. Humorous, fiction, business, literary—every sort of weekly and monthly publications is eagerly read. Trade and technical periodicals are in demand.

It is such a very little thing for any one to do, just to put a one-cent stamp on the notice which is printed on the cover of every periodical published in America and drop it in the postoffice. The only apparent reason why the supply of these magazines has fallen off seems to be the general impression that all of the men in uniform are to be immediately sent back home. But we shall have a million and more men in camps for many months to come and tens of thousands in the hospitals, and, as the camp librarians point out, they have more time for reading and reading is more necessary to their happiness and well-being than it was while all were keyed up to the heights of enthusiasm.

"And truth beareth away the victory."

In the whole span of life of this young periodical never have we backed down off our high horse and acknowledged that we were wholly wrong. But it's Right About Face—and nothing but the truth.

Two weeks ago in the Observer column we rubbed the "men of the cloth" in Asheville as not being regular, and as standing against things that were being done for the soldier. The clergy of the town did show they had much of the "regular" in them, for they came right back hard at us. So much so that we came out of our lethargy and investigated. Lo, and behold, they have been doing for us all along in a thousand and one ways that we never knew of, and to which we have just awakened. The cause that prompted our contributor to spread himself in that column was his personal like for the "gent" in question, not his dislike for the "men of the cloth."

We inferred there was a lacking of red blood in the ecclesiastical contingent of Asheville. Yet cast your glimmer on the page opposite this. It is typical of the "regular" way in which the local churches and church leaders have stepped behind the boys, ever ready to give them a boost or bid them a cheery welcome. In manly fashion we welcome this opportunity to set ourselves on record in this instance as being all wrong—and they "all right."

M. D. S. V. S.

Too true, there is good sporting blood in this camp, only the war and the winter has buried it pretty deep. With the advent of Spring, let our fancies turn to out-door sports, namely, baseball. We need one 'hum-dinger' of a team to go out and wallop everything in this part of the state. Do it? Sure we can! We've got the material in men and the Morale Division have the field, mits, bats, balls, etc. We need about forty other teams, one from every barracks, to keep the enthusiasm running. Get your gang to working, challenge, and learn the desire of walloping your neighbor. At that they may trim you, but "game" losing is fun. Come out any evening, you'll find us already at work. Lieut. Steele is the Recreation Officer furthering the sports of the camp; Joe Downing, of the K. C., who has played big league ball, is coaching.







FLORENCE E. STANDISH, *Chief Nurse, A.N.C.*





# CAPS & CAPE



*Deo et Humanitate*

## TO MISS STANDISH

The A. N. C. held a farewell reception in honor of Miss Standish at the Red Cross Building on Wednesday night. The nurses presented a silver tea service as a mark of their deep appreciation of Miss Standish as chief of the Unit. Miss Peters, who made the presentation, gave the following address: "We have met tonight to bid farewell to Miss Standish as our Chief Nurse. If instead I were introducing Miss Standish to you, I would be tempted to use the words of a negro minister in introducing a professor, who had come to deliver a lecture to the congregation: 'Friends it is my unbounded privilege to introduce to you Prof. Brown. He is de eminented man in de South. He thinks all de unthinkable, he says all de unsayable and he does all de undoable.' This is precisely what Miss Standish had to do last fall, when we first arrived. Our orders read, 'Proceed without delay to Azalea, N. C.' We proceeded but would have liked to delay, for none of us had ever heard of Azalea. To us it meant only the name of a flower and nurses do not look for flowers. We had heard of Chateau-Thierry and Argonne section and in such places we had hoped to be. France to us meant opportunity to dare and do among men, wounded and suffering, perhaps dying without proper care. We felt particularly fitted to give that care. Miss Standish was constantly asked, 'Do you think we will be sent to France?' or 'Is there any chance of being sent across from a T. B. Hospital?' Our hopes were sustained but something more important had to be done and it was Miss Standish who 'did the undoable'—namely, getting 50 women to change their minds. In no uncertain tone did Miss Standish put forth the important work we were called upon to do at Azalea Hospital. Upon us to a large degree depended the establishment of this hospital. She inspired us with higher ideals and disappointment gave way to enthusiasm. We left our first conference with

Miss Standish determined to "do our bit" right here and our chief reason for being willing to remain was because Miss Standish was to be our chief and we discovered in her a leader. One may not like to be led but nevertheless we like and admire those who are able to lead and we also recognized in Miss Standish a friend. Coupled with qualities, I have mentioned we also detected her strong source of humor which has helped her and saved us, for when all is said and done there exists at Oteen more fine comedy than sordid tragedy and she has never failed to point it out to us. Miss Standish is leaving us as the French would say, "She takes herself away," but her influence remains. Miss Standish, we want you to remember us and in presenting this Tea Service we would have it interpret what is in our hearts,—gratitude and appreciation for what you have done for us and sincere regret that you are going to leave—from the Army Nurse Corps at Oteen."

■ ■

Miss Wheeler, of Buffalo, N. Y., is here as our new chief, arriving in a gentle shower, quite typical of our Frenchy weather on Saturday last. Miss Wheeler was preceded to our Post by cordial words from Carlisle Hospital and has an army record to show us which is very interesting, including service in the Philippines, little trips into China and other places only names to most of us. We pledge here our loyal support as our leader and hope she will like Oteen.

■ ■

Newly arrived night clerk—"Guess that nurse doesn't know that I am practically an officer—telling me to give up my clothes—me, to go to bed!"

Orderly—"Wal, everybody 'round here does 'bout what she tells 'em. When you git into one of these here hospitals, reckon your no better'n a buck-private."

■ ■

The big show at the Red Cross was really splendid and we were proud of Oteen.

## KNOCKS FROM BARRACKS 1

Less company for Hoel, please, so she can clean her room. Then she is mastering Yiddish, too.

Never mind Hipps. There are other brunettes in camp.

When is he coming back, Beerman?

"I love 12-hour duty."—Benson.

Nichols and Steve are buying out the Jap store.

More diet and plenty of it for Oteen and oh! "who took the phone?"

Where is Dick's kimona?

We wonder if Miss Bennett is on night duty?

Inspection at 9 o'clock. Get busy, Hanger, and the dust pan is always available. Rent. We could pass this word on.

Fortunate in one way, Hathaway—both being sick at the same time.

Notice Hammy's spit-curl.

Needed—Overshoes for DeLunn and Dexter.

Cheer up, Barwich. The worst will arrive later.

We are the Infirmary eight,  
Cared for and ruled by Nurse Tate—  
As she tucks us in at night  
And promptly puts out the light,  
We hear—(to be continued).

Miss Hathaway, the popular surgical nurse, is so fond of us that she came back for the week-end. All she asks is for her foot to stop hurting and a bureau.

"What's the use of an escort if it has to be a nurse," cries Patton.

From the way Overseas Sassaman and Halloran are sewing we suspect them of having a "hope chest," made in France.

Miss Lemmert says "let me sleep." She is interested in bungalows and cute furniture.

Messages were delayed for some reason sent by Miss Chrisman.

Nightly prayer of Miss Good: "Carry me back to old Virginny."

Other Barracks appear next week.



# EDITORIAL

## *The Zero Hour*



THE soldier who saw active service in France, experienced new sensations when the hand of fate pointed on the dial of his life to the Zero Hour. He knew then, beyond all doubt, why he had gone through long training; why his physical and moral fibre was brought to the highest quality possible. To the patient, whether he has been overseas or not, to the officers and men serving in this Hospital, something of the quality necessary to meet the strain of quietly enduring, is necessary if he is to be true to himself and his oath taken on entering his country's service. Before Peace is actually made, already earlier than we might hope for, Congress and the War Department are endeavoring to get the soldier back to his home and family that he may not be held longer than necessary.

That this cannot be done in a day, a week, or even a month, when so many hundreds of thousands are concerned, is plain to all. That not always the most deserving will be the first to have their wish is unavoidably true. That the discharge of of that part of the army serving in the Medical Department is of necessity the slowest to be accomplished, results from the requirement of caring for our comrades who are sick. Whatever our disappointments, they cannot be as great as those who are too sick to be allowed to go home. We cannot consider leaving them without proper care. We are not to become undisciplined Bolsheviks. We all must, and will do our duty without flinching, justifying our existence as soldiers.

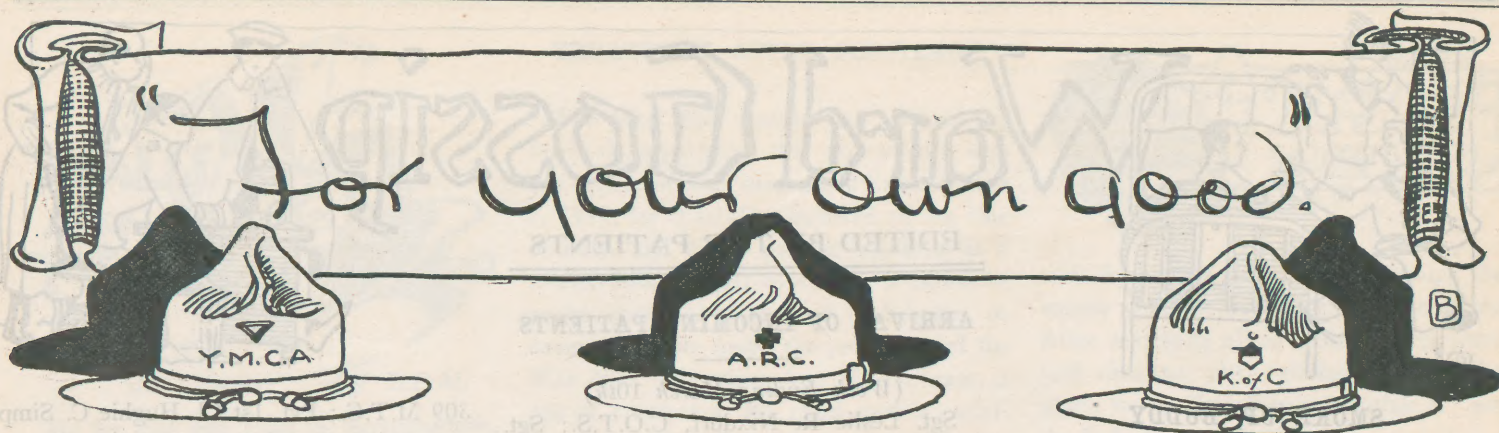
Fortunately with the act of Congress authorizing enlistments, an additional aid is given to the Army to more rapidly release those anxious to leave. Discharges will shortly begin in such numbers as conditions will justify.

When the hour has struck and released us from strain of waiting, and we are over the top and on our way home, we will want to look back at those still to follow without feeling that we have left unfairly before our turn. We will, all our lives, want to be able to look back upon our duty done and know we have not flinched at the Zero Hour.

WM. J. Lyster, COLONEL, M.C., U.S.A.  
Commanding.







One of the fine things at Oteen is the spirit of harmony and co-operation which exists among the various war-work activities that are engaged here in assisting the great hospital in its humanitarian enterprise. The Red Cross, the K. of C., and the Y.M.C.A. have never been in completer harmony anywhere than they are here, in the desire and purpose of formulating and executing a great common policy for the developing of a fine morale among the men whom the Government has commissioned them to serve. The best of fellowship prevails among the workers of these various organizations, united as they are in this common aim.

▽ ▽

The general appearance of the grounds about our hut is improving, partly owing to the activity of the Utilities Department of the hospital, and partly to that of the "Y" secretaries themselves. The walks will soon be in fine shape. It is already possible on the rainiest of days to get into the building from any of the barracks without wading through mud.

▽ ▽

Our new athletic man, Mr. Stevens, has got his harness fully on and is giving a good account of himself. Hereafter it may be expected that "Stunt Night," which is Thursday night, will be brimful of interesting events.

▽ ▽

Through the kindness of Mrs. N. Buckner, of Asheville, a very enjoyable evening of vocal music was given us, on Wednesday night of this week, by a quartet from Salisbury. The popular songs, the ones the boys love to hear and to sing, were interspersed between selections from some of the finest of modern composers, and all rendered in fine style and to the delight of the large audience. We shall be glad to welcome these singers again.

Mr. S. A. Givens, formerly in charge of hospital work at the Base Hospital at Camp Sevier, S. C., has become a member of the Red Cross Staff at Oteen.

+ +

We have been very much interested in displaying some of the work that has been brought over to us by boys working in the Reconstruction Department. A foot-ball, pillow tops and an automobile model have been of real interest to the visitors in the house.

+ +

The Red Cross House was filled to the doors both on Wednesday and on Thursday evenings when a vaudeville entertainment was given by soldiers of Oteen and Kenilworth. The show was a great success—good stuff, by the soldiers for the soldiers. The program is included in these notes as the column is all too short to hold descriptions of the individual acts and each one deserved and won, genuine and enthusiastic appreciation. May we soon have another!

Comedian—Oteen      Pvt. Humphrey  
Songs and Chatter—Oteen

Knights of Columbus—Joe Downey  
Tricks of Magic—Kenilworth

Pvt. 1st Cl. Eugene Walter Polley  
Broadway to Asheville—Oteen

Sgts. Feinstein, Feldherr, O'Hara  
Clog Dancing de Luxe—Kenilworth

Pvt. George Heald  
Monologue—Kenilworth

Pvt. 1st Cl. Walter Wurmser  
Million Dollar Hobo—Oteen      Pvt. Montre  
"The Black Mystery"—Oteen

The Dramatic Sensation of the Season  
Hosp. Sgt. J. Mindheim, Sgt. P. Feldherr,  
Pvt. J. O'Hara

Parodies—Kenilworth  
Sgt. Herbert Sondheim and Pvt. 1st Cl. Solon Mamluck

Isadora Duncan Dance—Kenilworth  
Pvt. George Heald

During the Lenten season we have discontinued our weekly dances but each Tuesday evening we will have a surprise for you.

★ ★

Last Tuesday evening a very enjoyable time was spent at the hut in the form of a Progressive Checker party. Barrels of apples were distributed throughout the course of the evening and good music was furnished by the Post Orchestra. About fifty young ladies from Asheville attended. First and second prizes were awarded to the man receiving the smallest number of games.

★ ★

Don't forget Monday night, the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. A big dance will be held at the hut and favors will be given the men and ladies.

★ ★

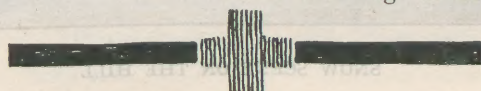
The Oteen has taken up their headquarters in our building and it will be a pleasure to take messages or to assist the staff on the paper in any way.

★ ★

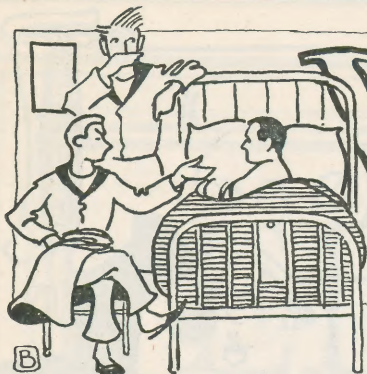
Owing to the shortage of secretaries in the K. of C. work, Mr. Grace, camp secretary, announces that the work for the patients in the Infirmary wards has not received the attention that the K. of C. hoped to offer but plans are being made to do big things for these men in the very near future.

★ ★

A pool tournament is on at the hut, under the supervision of Secretary Joe Downie, who is in charge of all sporting stunts. A tournament is given to the white boys and to the colored boys. Thirty-two men in each tournament. A box of cigars will be awarded the winner of each tournament and 100 Pall Malls to the runner up.







### SMOKE UP, BUDDY

A great, large, honest-to-goodness contribution was made this week to Oteen Hospital from the City of Mammon and Moloch (this ain't no cloak and suit company, but we're trying to get a bit howbrowish. It's leaning toward the alegorical). Ten thousand army and navy brand Nestor cigarettes, donated by Mr. Nathan Hubert, of New York City, for the Faulk Tobacco Company. The "smokes" were distributed in every ward in the institution, and were smoked with much gusto. And with every smoke goes our thanks to Mr. Hubert. Therefore, ten thousand thanks, Bro. Hubert.

### "EGGS" TO "OLIVES"

It may be wrong to kiss a girlie  
Who is your sweetheart's friend,  
But you can't keep kisses separate  
When they seem resolved to blend.

When a little girlie rolls her eyes  
And says, "We shouldn't kiss,"  
Just keep still and look quite wise  
And say, "I know it Miss."

For she really doesn't meant it,  
And she knows you can resist,  
And plainly you have seen it,  
That she's not mad at being kissed.

"Aviator killed when he  
drops note to his wife." As  
a general thing men are killed  
when they drop notes to  
some other fellow's wife.

The reason that so many  
people are interested in the  
doings of Everett Tru, by  
Condo, is that he does just  
what they would like to do.

"Take it from me," said  
the cow that gives the 20-  
cent milk.

# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

## ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

(Week Ending March 10th)

Sgt. Leslie R. Nixdorf, C.O.T.S.; Sgt. Max Silverman, B. H.; Pvt. Walter Roberts, Q.M.C.; Pvt. Roscoe McAskill, 50th Inf.; Pvt. Bert. Hampton, 50th Inf.; Pvt. William Fuller, 13 Bn. 153 D. B.; Pvt. Charles R. Jones, 6 Bn., 153 D.B.; Pvt. Samuel Green, 401 Res. Lbr. Bn.; Pvt. Asa Jordon, 431 Res. Lbr. Bn.; Pvt. Zachanah Sargeant, 401 Res. Lbr. Bn.; Pvt. George W. Drescher, S.A.T.C.; Pvt. Jack Iandolo, S.A.T.C.; Pvt. Walter Reed, R. D.; 1st Lt. Henry Cronan, Q.M.C.; Sgt. Arthur J. Tobin, 155 D. B. 3 Bn.; Pvt. Lee Roobs, 1 Dev. Bn.; 155 D.B.; Pvt. Miller Stofflet, C.O.T.S.; Pvt. John Vaney, Q.M.C.; Pvt. Noel B. Baer, 154 D.B.; Joseph L. Shaw, A.G.O.; Pvt. Willie Hollis; Pvt. Ralph Bohannon, Group 1, M.T.D.; 1st Lt. William C. Brocher, A.G.O. 4th Div.; Pvt. Wm. A. Campbell, Lbr. Bn.; Pvt. Elisha James, 518 Eng.; 1st Lt. Earl F. Clark, M. C.; 1st Lt. Francis M. Boyatt, 526 Eng.; Pvt. Ira Heatley, 4th Eng.; Pvt. Robert Taylor, 3rd D. B.; Pvt. Mose Foster, 101 Ded. Brigade; Pvt. Charles Gray, 161 D.B.; Pvt. Ezella Brouster, 5th D.B.; Pvt. Walter Hook, Q.M.C.; Pvt. James H. Thomas, Q.M.C.; Pvt. Theod. M. Pugh, 2nd Eng.; 2nd Lt. Fred Roberts, 372 Inf.; Pvt. Peter Morgan, 26 F. A.; Pvt. Larkin Adams, C.C.; Pvt. Geo. L. O'Daniel, C.C.; 2nd Lt. Henry W. Watson, Air Service; Sgt. Francis Whitmore, O.D.S.; Sgt. Clarence Berman,

309 M.T.C.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Hughie C. Simpson, 309 M.T.C.; Horseshoer Don Ragan, 15th Cav.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Elsie Crumpler, Q.M.C.; Pvt. Archie L. Hennant, 168 Inf.; Pvt. Joe Humphrey, 135 Lbr. Bn.; Pvt. Chester Lee, 326 Lbr. Bn.; Pvt. Lee Strandidge, M. D.; Pvt. Frank Tillman, 371 Inf.; Sgt. John C. Walker, 116 Eng.; Pvt. Dishman Gilbert, O.A.R.D.; Pvt. Robert Boone, 543 Eng.; Pvt. Freddie Stewart, 550 Eng.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL EXAMINATION, NO. 4

They insist on telling us that our T. B. is active. Now it's up to us to see if our brains are in the same condition. The patient obtaining the highest percentage in this examination will be given the ration money that is due him from his last furlough.

1. Name all the medicines used in this hospital and draw a line under both of them.

2. If officers of this Post have more than 50 varieties of hand-saluting give the exact date of our last square meal at the mess hall and if you can't remember that far back, name three overseas men who are not wearing unauthorized decorations.

3. If pay-day comes too often to suit you write *PEEP* backwards and if you can remember the day it wasn't more than two weeks late, cross out the "F" in cough.

4. If you ever procured clothes at the supply window that were not second-hand tell just how long it will take Sgt. Kahn limp out an S.C.D.

If I have skipped any subjects deserving mention in this examination, write them out on a sheet of paper and mail them to me in care of the S.C.D. board, as I'm going to stick around there until they get me out.

D.D.M.



SNOW SCENE ON THE HILL





Me for that new class in reconstruction, which is held somewhere on the hill from 7:30 to 10:30. One man in the class and the only equipment needed is a blanket.

★ ★

Miss "Mc:" Brainlessness is a misfortune but sore-headedness is an unforgivable fault.

★ ★

Of course we don't want to knock the detachment bugler but we would like to know why the detachment fell out with mess kits when he blew what was supposed to be "taps."

★ ★

No wonder that little Phillipino is wearing a broad smile. He has heard about the "Five cents a mile" bill and he lives in India. Oh boy!

★ ★

Red O'Hara is disgusted with the army. He said, when he enlisted he thought it was a steady job and now they've discharged him with only three months' notice.

★ ★

Our silver stripe and a divisional insignia signifies that that is the division that the wearer "rooted" for.

★ ★

At last we have found an expert at the piano who doesn't insist on being coaxed. Stay with us, Sgt. Bishoff, you will help us a lot.

★ ★

There is a certain doorway in Asheville that should be moved to Oteen. I saw two fellows enter it last night and come out covered with smiles.

★ ★

With the coming of Spring and the accompanying foliage, there cannot but be many more tete-a-tetes, as darkness overcomes our little village.

★ ★

One's civilian pay is greater than one's Army pay, but don't neckties cost a lot nowadays?

## TREATMENT AFTER DISCHARGE

The War Risk Bureau has advised the Medical Department that any soldier who has been honorably discharged since October 6, 1917, for disability incurred in the line of duty, and whose present condition is a re-activation of that disability or is consequent upon it, is entitled to hospital or sanatorium care under the provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act. If the case is one of emergency, the chief medical advisor of the War Risk Bureau should be informed by telegraph, giving the name, rank and organization of the patient and the character of his disability, together with suggestions for treatment required. The nearest representative of the U. S. Public Health Service may also be notified, as these officials are authorized to take action in such cases. If there be no such official in the vicinity, arrangements may be made with local physicians or institutions to take temporary charge of the case. When the patient applying for hospital treatment is not in the emergency class, the information called for above should be furnished the chief medical advisor of the War Risk Bureau by letter.

Army hospitals have been placed at the disposal of the War Risk Bureau for the treatment of discharged soldiers entitled to such attention under the provisions of the War Risk Act. Such patients will be treated in army hospitals at the expense of the War Risk Bureau on a per diem basis at the rates of charge for subsistence and medicines prescribed by Par. 1460, A.R. for civilian patients on the status of enlisted men. The Surgeon General of the Army has directed commanding officers of hospitals to admit former soldiers on the official request of authorized representatives of the War Risk Bureau. The official request of authorized representatives of the War Risk Bureau. The medical department of the army will be reimbursed monthly by the War Risk Bureau for the treatment of these cases on the basis as given above.

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance." "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down, through the jungles of doubt and through the swamps of despair?"

There was a silence and then Johnny, whose father was a motor car dealer, spoke "Please, ma'am," he said, "there ain't no such car."



Is it possible that one can exhaust their supply of dope for these Oteen columns? After searching all available funny papers and cheating our famous poets of their glory, we finally fall heir to author of "Such As It Is."

★ ★

She—"What is the difference between a louse and a 'cootie?'"

Old Soldier—"A 'cootie' has seen service."

★ ★

Now the old soldier puts one over on Ireland by asking her "What time is it in Ireland when a Ford chases a Ford?" Of course she doesn't know, but it's 'Tin after Tin.'

★ ★

Second Lieut. Fred Roberts arrived at Oteen March 5. He is a member of the 372d Regt., 93rd Division. He was overseas eight months and undoubtedly has been through the mill, being not only gassed but carries scars of several bad wounds. The entire division made good in this greatest of all struggles. But the famous 372nd is signally destined for continued applause.

★ ★

A native of Asheville informed the writer the safest way to inform travelers in North Carolina was "Jis tell 'em to go up hill awhile then down hill a while longer then shoot around a few corners an der you are."

★ ★

Of whom is a man to make a confidant after June 30th? You can't weep to a soda clerk and tell him that your wife is the swee's' li'l woman in the worl'.

★ ★

The only seat I find down here is pine,

Between the reels we don't have even wine,  
The limit is the roof above my head

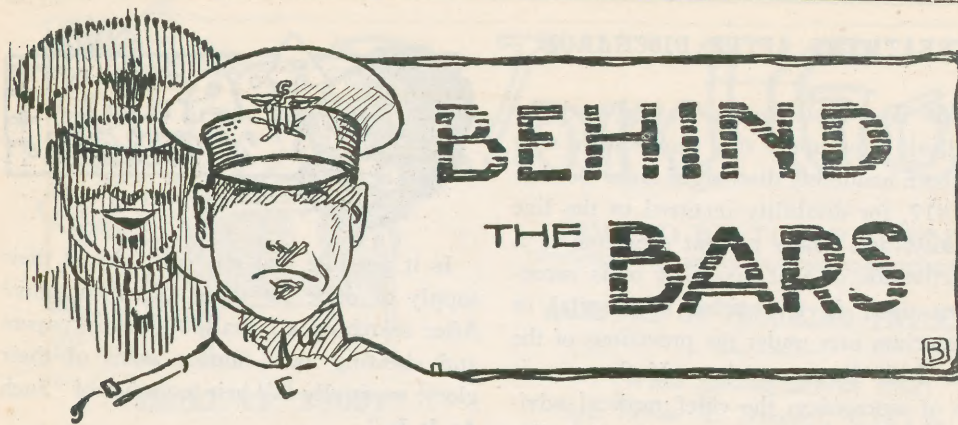
But, gee! the colonel could not drive me to bed.

I'm clad in a bathrobe that is far from clean  
Real regular women are only on the screen,

It's strange, but still I'm happy as a loon  
Just watching movies in our dining-room.

IMA HASBEEN





Major Humphrey is again reported on field duty since he has moved to Ward 3. We wish to congratulate the major on the most gallant and unselfish manner in which he gave up all his rights to his comfortable room in Ward 1 and took the poor, but only available substitute in Ward 3. He has not been found wanting by his fellow officers when it became necessary to make the supreme sacrifice for our allied brethren. We realize that it was not only the giving up of a room with a window, a bed on the noisy side of the porch, the playing of rummy until 8:30 p. m., but it also meant that no longer could he sleep until 8:25 a. m. and reach the dining room at 8:29 the same morning.

As it is impossible to cite an officer while sick in hospital we take this means of extending our sincere thanks to the major and to call the attention of the younger officers to this fine example in "Common Courtesy."

★ ★

In view of the Major's sacrifice, could we do less than ask the responsible parties to abide by the few little requests of the Major that follow:

All motors kept in the garage near Ward 3, be furnished with hot water bottles so that it would not be necessary to warm them up at 7 p. m.

Also the faucets in the lavatory do not fit the face. Could they not be made more square?

Would it not be possible to provide some of the dainties for breakfast that the enlisted man is used to, such as—frozen herring, corn beef, hash and boiled potatoes?

★ ★

Our inestimable companion of letters, Loot. Murray, still abideth in the city of temptation. Hump along, Bob, and bring some of the spirit of spring.

We vote for Lieut. Moon and Lieut. Scott as the most polished gentlemen in our ward. They never turn their backs on anyone.

★ ★

It is easy enough to stop all gambling amongst wide-awake officers but can some one please furnish us a way to keep Lieut. Smith from doing so in his sleep?

★ ★

Lieut. Parker attempted to follow in the footsteps of our friend, the Chinaman, and eat 4,000-year-old eggs. We presume the lieutenant lost his way as he is now confined to his bed.

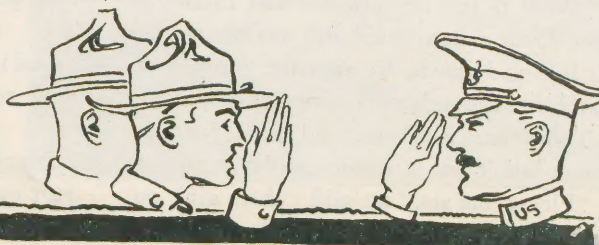
★ ★

Orpheus of old could make a tree or a stone move with his music; but there are piano players today who have made whole families move.

### JUST A REQUEST

There is a certain young lady here who is a source of great annoyance to some of us. Everytime she attends a movie or other public function, she deems it her bounden duty to entertain and enlighten those 'round about her, forgetting that she was not the attraction which is responsible for the attendance of those present. If the friends of this young lady will kindly gag her and put her in a straight-jacket when she goes to a public entertainment, they will certainly do a great favor for their fellow sufferers and enable them to really *enjoy* these entertainments undisturbed and unannoyed. Help! We cry, and again, help!

Eug.



### SHAVETAITS

A few weeks ago there was expressed by the editors of the Base Hospital Journal a desire to know from whence the term "Shavetail" originated. Far be it from poor me to presume to tell the aforesaid editors anything, but the following is contributed for what it may be worth as a solution of the deep quandry in which he has become involved. However, this was only gotten by hearsay, and the writer does not vouch for the truth of the version.

According to the story, the term "shavetail," used as a designation for a newly appointed second lieutenant originated in one of the Regular cavalry regiments during the Indian uprisings of the early '80s. It seems that a second lieutenant just from West Point was assigned to a cavalry outfit, and at once made himself more or less unpopular by refusing to take good naturedly the pranks usually played on new men. He was also rather proud of his prowess as officer of the guard and made the boast that "No Indian could steal one of their horses while he had the guard. But a few mornings later, when he came in off guard duty he found that some one had literally shaved the tail of his private mount, and all the stable men solemnly swore that some Indian must have stolen into camp and committed the deed. As there were no surplus horses he was compelled to ride the brute, and became known as the "shavetail" lieutenant, from which the term spread to all second lieutenants of cavalry and ultimately to all branches of the service.

### HUN PAPER PANTS PROVE POOR "PICKIN'S" FOR YANK

It is related by Corporal Lee Whitehead, of Jeffrey, Ky., that during eight months' imprisonment in German camps that he owes his life to a German sergeant who knocked a rifle from a Hun's hands as he was about to shoot Whitehead. Whitehead escaped from prison and wandered about Germany trying to get into Holland. He was captured and was to be tried November 11, the day on which the armistice was signed. He had the unique experience of wearing paper trousers and says that in one day he wore a hole in the seat. In a week the paper trousers were worn to pieces.

After I get home I'm going to bed in a "BED!"





THRILLS No. 1—"The New Derby"

## WORLD IS OURS, SAYS SEC. BAKER

That the fighting soldier who is coming back home every day now is really the man who has done the most for this world of ours in making it "a decent place to live in" and that he, as well as those who had to stay at home, will receive the benefits of this magnificent effort for the rest of his life, is the statement of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker in an interview exclusively for soldier patients, given to *The Right-About*, the soldier paper published at New York's debarkation hospitals.

While in New York last week Secretary Baker was seen by *The Right-About* and gave them a straight-from-the-shoulder talk as to just what the returned and wounded soldiers might expect.

"I want the men to know," said Secretary Baker, "that the results of the victory which they have made possible will show forth in the treaties of peace that are now

being prepared at the conference, and that these treaties will show what the soldiers who fought so gallantly have really done to make democracy for all the world possible.

## MADE NEW WORLD POSSIBLE

"The American Army abroad represented democracy in arms. It was associated with armies representing the democracy of the old world. Together they have made possible a new world in which it is recognized that democracy will be as fundamental in the relations of peoples and nations, as it was previously in America alone.

"The treaties now being written at Versailles will express the aspirations of America, which have become the aspirations of free people throughout the world. In this war freedom has triumphed not only with arms, but with ideas."

Throughout the interview Mr. Baker showed that he completely understood and was in sympathy with that American soldier who had gone to France, made possible the overthrow of armed imperialism,

paid for the victory with hurts suffered by himself, and now is home or soon to be home, eager to overcome his handicaps and win fresh laurels.

In his opinion it is all-important that the home-coming veterans do not lose sight of those ideals which sent them grimly to battle in France. They glorified them during long stretches of courageous endurance in the trenches and with the furious elan that broke all barriers in open fighting.

## IDEALS THAT LOST

These same ideals, hopes, and aspirations could easily be lost or dimmed in the halls of a peace conference. But they will not be. President Wilson, so the Secretary of War set forth, is fully cognizant of the price the Yanks paid, is well aware of the fine zeal that animated them, and is helping to write a treaty of peace which will satisfy them, satisfy the world, and insure untold treasures of freedom and democracy to the America of tomorrow and to all peoples.



# The BATTLES of BRUNO

## (Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters

(Bruno is on his way back from Washington to Washeville. He was just going to be made a colonel with birds on his collar and all, when he got a telephone message from Hertha, his huge fiancée, telling him to come right back to Washeville, because the President had written him a letter. Ever since last week we've all been wondering what was in that letter and now we're going to find out. Goody!)

### CHAPTER VI

HERE was a brisk step on the gravel walk and the face of Hertha pressed against the pane of the window in the beautiful Washeville mansion flushed with happy surprise until it lighted the whole room with a rosy glow. It lighted up the hall, too, and the back stairs, and stole into the den where Hertha's father, a prominent automobile tire manufacturer, was writing a speech on "The Present Crisis and the Need for a protective Tariff—a Challenge to American Business Men."

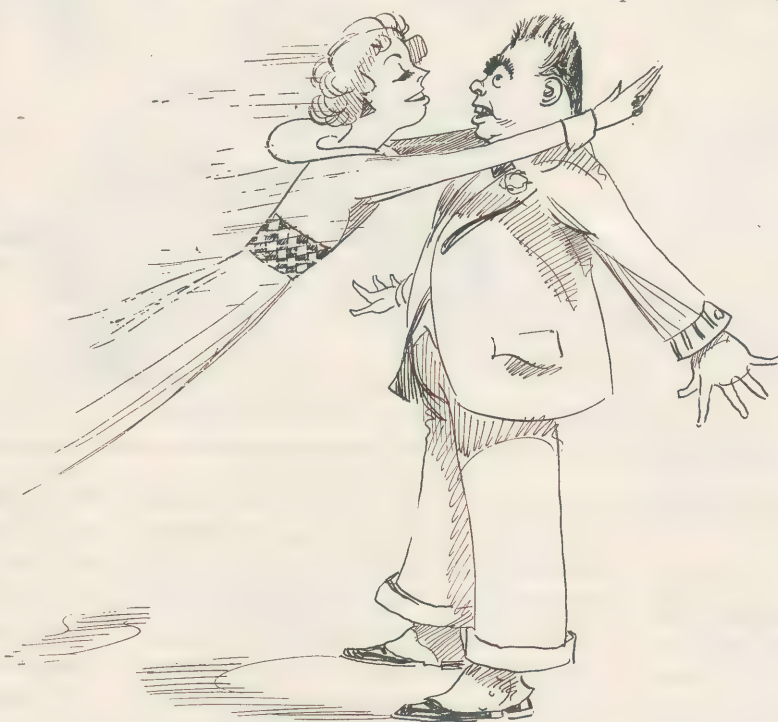
"How beautiful are the sunsets, these calm summer nights," exclaimed Hertha's father, as he pulled down the window shade and pushed a 25-cent cheroot in his face.

Much as you would like to know more about Hertha's father, we have little time to fuss around with a description of the old man now. If we tell you that he is a light purple about the chin, plays golf on Saturday afternoons and believes what he reads in *Col. Harvey's Weekly*, you will get a general idea. We may go into particulars later on. So that gives you another reason to see this novel through to the bitter end.

All the while you must imagine Bruno and Hertha as being clasped in each other's arms. For as soon as Hertha had stopped glowing, she went to the door and threw herself on her hero's chest.

One reason why we get to admire Bruno so much is the way he stands up under

this sort of treatment. At first he used to stagger around and get groggy after Hertha had embraced him. He would reel over to the window and gulp in fresh air for awhile after a real good hug, for Hertha was the sort of girl who could give Mr. Joe Stecher, the young fellow who wrestles so nicely, a bad half hour. Just for example, she was feeling kittenish one afternoon and playfully struck Bruno on the neck. This slewed his head around so far to the right that he became noticeable on the streets. Horses that he passed started nervously, thinking he was trying one of those games of staring into the eyes of animals until they come slinking to your feet. He kept



"SHE THREW HERSELF AT HER HERO'S CHEST"

bumping into people who tried to pass him on the left-hand side and finally at the request of the town council he went to Hertha and begged her to strike him on the right cheek in her cute, playful manner. That crack gave him back control of his neck muscles and now he's able to keep a straight face.

After Bruno and Hertha had embraced, they went into the library to read the letter from the President. Bruno opened the envelope and started to read the official-looking document. It began with the word "Greetings" and you know the rest. For the benefit of millions of civilian readers

we will here state that there was a great deal of official stuff which, boiled down to pure English, meant that the local board had summoned Bruno to arms and that he would be decidedly out of luck if he failed to show up bright and early next Wednesday morning.

All the while he was reading, Hertha was leaping up and down with suppressed excitement. That may have been the reason for the hasty exit of the cook from the basement below where Hertha was jumping, followed by the butler, the second man, the third man, Hertha's father's valet, the second-story maid and a couple of back stairs charwoman. "Oh, tell me, tell me," hollered Hertha, "what are they going to make you? You will be a general, maybe? Or the director of the department for research into the activities of the committee to examine into the co-ordinating functions of nitroglycerinous substances, perhaps? Or will you be——"

Bruno held up a command in hand. It was now or never he must show the man.

"No, Hertha, no," he said with a solemn mien, miening all over his noble face. "I have made up my mind to put aside all pomp and grandeur. Never shall it be said of me that at this hour of storm and stress, I selfishly sought to aggrandize myself. I have decided to go to this here war like the simplest soldier. I shall be simple as anything. I shall be a private."

At these words Hertha's magnificent blue eyes took on a strange lustre. A lone tear glistened in the right one. As the dying sun cast its last rays into it, Bruno was reminded of the overflowing of the Mississippi River that he had once witnessed. It was "haw-rible," as old Sergt. Zabin is wont to say.

Then a sudden change came over Hertha and a beautiful smile stole over her face. "My democrat," she shouted, making a pass at Bruno. He saw another embrace

(Continued on page 26)





# RECONSTRUCTION

CAPT. SAMUEL M. NORTH, *Chief of Reconstruction Staff*  
CAPT. DAVID TOWNSEND, *Medical Advisor*

1ST LT. H. J. KEFAUVER	.. ..	Psychologist
1ST LT. H. D. COGHILL	.. ..	Psychologist
1ST LT. W. K. LAYTON	.. ..	Assignment Officer
2ND LT. J. S. SHUEY	.. ..	Superintendent Agriculture

NOW—and HEREAFTER.

The beginning of next week will see the realization of the plans for which the Reconstruction Staff have labored so loyally and so infatigably, i. e., the completion and operation of the third unit of the departmental activity. The bedside and ward work is taken care of by the aides; academic courses in more than twenty lines are given at the Reconstruction Building; and now the Curative Workshop, amply fitted and equipped, takes its place in the activities of Oteen.

★ ★

The workshops are located in Building 405, and are equipped to do carpenter work, cabinet work, printing, and—with a specially devised dustless apparatus—shoe repairing; the switchboard instruction is also given here on a switchboard built entirely by the department. Another feature is the Aides' workshop, where material, which they use in their work and bedside work, is prepared.

★ ★

The printing equipment is particularly noteworthy. There are two presses, each run by motor, and an abundant variety of type, ink, and accessories, together with a large paper-cutter and a full lay-out of composing benches and stones. Here it is proposed to do much of the routine printing of the Post.

★ ★

Early next week we shall see a new kind of vehicle moving through the wards—an exhibit of a number of kinds of work done by the Department, mounted upon a mess wagon equipped for the purpose. This exhibit will have its abiding place in the Receiving Wards, whence it will make two trips a week throughout the hospital.

★ ★

The weekly conference of the Staff will be addressed on the 12th inst. by Captain Dunham, who will deliver the second of a

series of extremely interesting talks upon the X-Ray. On Wednesday, the 19th inst., the Commanding Officer, Colonel Lyster, will speak to the staff.

★ ★

On Friday and Saturday last we had with us Mrs. Eleanor C. Slagle, superior-at-large of the work of the Reconstruction Aides. Mrs. Slagle has for several years been training aides for work in civilian hospitals in her school at Chicago, and several of our corps are graduates of her institution. This column will probably contain next week an article by Mrs. Slagle, dealing with our work.

★ ★

The department was busy several days last week preparing a comprehensive exhibit of its work for a convention to be held in Washington March 16-23. Upon the return of this exhibit to Oteen, it is planned to set it up in an accessible place, that opportunity may be given our home people to study the reconstruction work.

## MUSIC

A recent leave of absence took the writer through New York and Boston, where he spent a good bit of time in securing "ammunition" for the musical organizations. We have now about everything that we need for instruments and music, and it is "up to us" to make the most of our opportunities. You men who are playing in the band as in any other line of work, or recreation, will get out of it just what you put in. The playing of any musical instrument is an accomplishment, and is really a part of a liberal education. Sergeant Aanestad has the best interest of the whole band at heart, and he deserves the interest of every individual player. Give him that and you will surprise yourselves with what you will be able to do under his leadership.

The orchestra finds itself gradually working into various activities about the hospital. This week it is playing on five different nights at dances and entertainments. Our own "Oteen March," which was written for us by Mrs. Hogan, the wife of our own Captain Hogan, is actually in the hands of the publishers, and the piano score will soon be on sale at the post exchange and down town music stores. Another feature, which we hope to have shortly is a saxophone quartette for special work at band concerts and entertainments.

It is needless to say that our new Commanding Officer, Col. William Lyster, has the best interest of our organizations at heart. He assures us that his hearty support is ours, to make and keep our hospital second to none. Let us show him that we can do that very thing.

I.T.C.

## DOUGHNUTS AND PROSPERITY

The announcement of the Salvation Army that the practice of soliciting alms is to be discontinued is welcome news to the multitude of friends of that organization. The reason for such action is revealed in the fact that because of the contributions to war activities on the part of a generous public during the war, it is no longer necessary for "the army" to gain its sustenance through the agencies formerly employed. The war, as in many other cases, brought home to the public the real purpose and desires of the Salvation Army. Like all great endeavors, which are lasting in their effects, it was built on a simple foundation and worked in a simple way its wonders to perform. It might seem, to paraphrase the language of the stock market, that this organization made its money in doughnuts. It is true that doughnuts went a long way toward winning the war. But the S. A. did just as wonderful work along many other lines.





### AWKWARD BOTH WAYS

The fair young thing who was entertaining some returned soldiers at tea time, thought she'd give a little lesson in manners to one doughboy who poured his tea into his saucer before he drank it.

"It's really not so very hot," she told him condescendingly. "You could drink it out of the cup."

"It aint the heat, miss," he replied; "If I uses the cup, the spoon gets in me eye."

Many amusing stories are told about the colored troops on their way to France. The following by Peter Dunne is worth repeating:

"The transport was one day out from land, and Pvt. Rastus Johnson was sick. He was not only sick, but he was sick all over. The second day he turned to one of his buddies and said: "Washington, you all go up and ask dat boat Captaining where we all are."

Going up to the deck, Washington said, "Captain, where are we at?" The Captain replied, "Atlantic Ocean." So Washington repeated the information to Johnson.

The next day Johnson made the same request and Washington again asked the Captain, and was again given the same reply, "Atlantic Ocean."

When Washington repeated this to Johnson the sick man rolled his eyes and moaned, "Foh de Lawd's sake ain't we passed dat dam place yet!"

### ONLY RELIEF IN SIGHT

"You make life a burden to me," said the busy man to the persistent life insurance agent.

"In that case you can't take out this policy any too soon."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### UNDOUBTEDLY

Darling, I am coming back,  
Silver threads among the black  
As at last the Peace talk nears  
I'll be home in seven years.  
With my whiskers long and white  
You can hear the censors curse  
War is hell, but Peace is worse.  
When the next war comes around  
In the front ranks I'll be found,  
I'll rush in at once pell mell,  
Yes, I will, undoubtedly, I will.

An officer saw a grey-haired, wrinkled old darkey standing in front of a store. Walking over to him the officer said, "Well, Uncle, how are you?"

"Pretty well, sah, considerin' my age."

"And how old are you, Uncle?"

"Nigh on to a hundred!"

Thinking to have a little fun with the old darkey, the officer said, "And what is your name?"

"Washington, sah," replied the darkey.

"Any relation to George Washington?"

"Any relation? Why, I am George Washington!" replied the darkey.

### THE EMPLOYERS' TURN NOW

In our travels about Asheville we have not observed many of the new service flags showing the number of soldiers re-employed. No doubt a good reason for the lack of display of these flags in this locality is that so far comparatively few soldiers from this section have returned to civil life.

Some time ago, William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, made a statement endorsing a service flag which would show the patriotism of the employer by indicating the number of soldiers and sailors put back into the positions they left for military service. Such a flag should have a place of honor in every store, shop, and factory, side by side with the original war service flag. The one showing the number of employees who left for the war has been considered the badge of patriotism of the institutions displaying it. The other showing the number of returned soldiers employed will be an even greater mark of credit because it would carry, not only to the men themselves, but to their friends and to the public at large, the reassuring message, "We have kept faith with the men who entered the country's service."

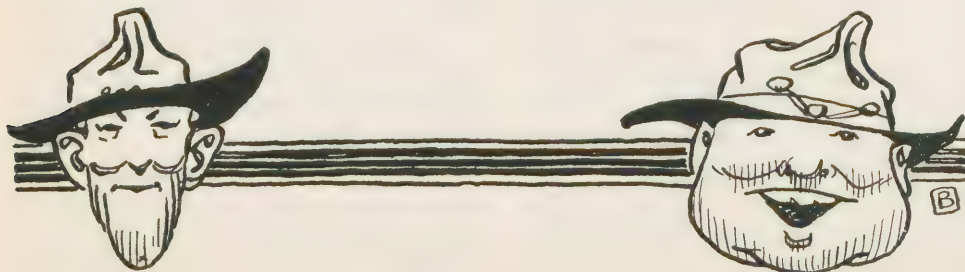
The question of jobs for returned soldiers seems to be a very serious one. The leading newspapers of the country have been devoting columns to it for some time.

Then again the Correspondence columns of some of the leading papers, which for the past few months have been monopolized chiefly by letters of expression for and against Prohibition, are now filled up with letters advocating a more universal display of the service flag or letters insisting that jobs be given returned soldiers.

When we left home to go into the army, we were promised our jobs when we returned. In some cases those promises were not kept. Some men who took our jobs when we went away still hold on to them, and our former employers fail to keep their promises. The place the soldier or sailor had occupied may have been filled by a better worker than he, but the obligation still exists on the part of the employer to reinstate the man who has been fighting for his country. The boys have done their bit; it is emphatically up to the employers to do theirs.

### HAW, HAW

The tramp stood on the big wood pile,  
Said the woman, "Do your bit."  
She uttered the joke without a smile  
And the tramp laughed till he split.







1ST. LIEUT. J. B. RECTOR  
*Mess Officer*





With a feeling somewhat akin to sadness, we look forward to the coming St. Patrick's Day. The last of the hallicon, rollicking March seventeenth; and we are here in North Carolina dry as a bone. For this is the last March with a St. Patrick's Day worth while celebrating. Ere the gentle zephyrs of time blow in another March, there will not be a wet spot in America. Dinty Moore's place around the corner will be closed, pretzels will go out of fashion and the bloom will be fading from many a carefully colored nose.

Too bad, isn't it, that the prohibitionists have finally succeeded in forcing cold water upon us. We'll have to confine ourselves to occasional draughts of the microbe-filled nectar from the "old oaken bucket."

The booze war is over and the warriors may as well beat their corkscrews into gimlets and their bung-starters into pota'o mashers and figure on fishing without a jug of bait next summer. "Three fingers" as a standard of measurement will soon pass and the little glass will be found on the dinner table filled with tooth-picks. And ice water will never taste as good in the morning as it "used ter."

"The old order changeth," for the better we hope. Though we are not greatly impressed by the example hereabout. A nice translucent product guaranteed to give the desired "kick" can be had—for a price, of course, and even the "regular stuff" at a higher figure. Amateur bacteriologists are experimenting with grape juice and yeast and old friend "patent medicine" is thriving.

We're of the "old school." We still can't get a thrill from an orange phosphate nor does that wolf in sheep's clothing "dope" hold any charms for us. We sigh for those good old days when a pint cost a dime; soon we'll sigh for the pint. Let us sing a dirge for King Alcohol and may we chisel on his tombstone "Gone, but not forgotten."

*The Observer.*

## DOIN'S FROM OUR OWN WHITE WAY

The Detachment has been augmented by the arrival of a new lance-jack, in the presence of young Al Kinderman. The youngster is a credit to this mans' army—and the father is doing nicely.

★ ★

Freddy Davis seems to have a preference for blonds here lately. Ah, there, Freddy.

★ ★

Art Gormley is waiting to see what the Federal authorities will do with him. We mean military—not what you mean.

★ ★

Saw Miss Marie Hoel, one of the village belles, out on a party one night last week. Marie was looking right pert, as usual.

★ ★

All the smart set are anxiously awaiting the St. Patrick's Day dance to be given at the K. of C. in their exquisite ball-room on March 17th. Those who are lucky enough to receive invitations to this gala affair are promised a time they never shall forget.

★ ★

Some interesting tete-a-tetes are being staged at Mrs. Kellogg's place across the road, these days. 'Mum's' the word.

★ ★

Corporal Whitehead seems to have an awful attack of chevronitis these days. What's the idea, Whitey.

★ ★

The big question of the camp: Why does Sgt. Newell insist on going to the Nurses' Infirmary to register nurses. Where's your orderly, Black.

★ ★

Sgt. and Mrs. Radford entertained at a dinner party given in honor of the fourth birthday anniversary of their son Russell, Jr. The table was tastily decorated with a handsome roast beef and side dishes galore. Ye editor had the good fortune to be amongst those present; our thanks to Mrs. Rad. and the commissary.

★ ★

Lt. Hooker has been seen around of late minus his cherub smile. We wonder why, we wonder why.

★ ★

"Demon" Carter, from our Reconstruction superb, caught red-headed—we mean handed, tripping out of a drug emporium munching a cookie.



Miss Mary Jane King, of Brevard, is in the city, and will sing at the party given for the soldiers at the Red Circle Tuesday evening. Many of the men at Kenilworth and Azalea will remember Miss King, as she has sung in the wards at both hospitals, and will therefore be pleased to learn that she has had a flattering offer from the National Y.M.C.A. to go to France as an entertainer.

★ ★

At a party given for the enlisted men at the "Red Circle" Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy Tedd and Miss Stevenson, of New York and Connecticut, who are guests at the "Manor," will be the guests of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Todd have very generously donated a sum of money "for the soldiers" and it is their generosity which makes possible a part of the entertainment for the evening. Miss Stevenson has spent two summers in Red Cross service in France, last summer having been spent at Chateau-Thierry.

★ ★

"Ouija" fails us this week. The OTEEN staff has queered the damsel. Come to think of it, it is not the fault of the Oteenians, but due to the pessimism of our friend Korp. Benson, who has suggested a contribution to the wood pile. Instead, our friend, remove the chip from your shoulder. And this reminds us—what has happened to our friend Mr. Hallock? Surely something to "cheer" him, has occurred.

★ ★

Mr. V. R. Manning, Field Director of the Department of Budgets and Accounts, W.C. C.S., Headquarters, New York, is in the city for a few days.

★ ★

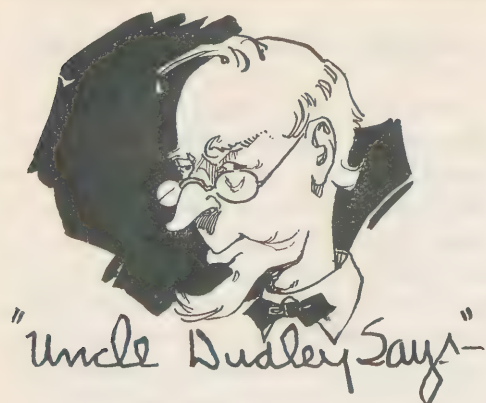
Mr. W. A. Barton, Jr., was called to his home at Greenville, S. C., on Saturday by the serious illness of his sister.

★ ★

The regular weekly dance will be given at the Soldiers' Club, Thursday evening.







"Wuz readin' sum dope in a newspaper th' other day what sez ez t' how there air about five widders t' every widderer. All o' which is jest another proof o' th' fack't that 'Th' female o' th' species iz more deadly then th' male.'"

★ ★

"Th' days o' spring iz here now en Yer Ole Unckle Dudley iz a-havin' his yearly attack o' moonlightitis en chickenitis."

★ ★

"These here warm days bring thots o' fishin' en diggin' en poetry, en all them sort o' things. They also bring thots o' new spring duds en thet sort o' thing. All roses hev there thorns, by gum."

★ ★

"Hev been wonderin' who thet leetle gal iz who allus takes a stroll every evenin' round about eight o'clock. She allus keeps her face hid when anyone kums along. Nope, she don't walk alone."

★ ★

"Met a feller th' tother day who seemed t' be most powerful riled en bilin' fer a scrap. Seems thet sumone hez been a-tear-n' down his hay stacks. Ennybody here guilty?"

★ ★

"Kum t' think on it. I do know a feller what hez th' hay fever so goldurned bad thet everytime he goes fer a walk in th' evenin' air, he kums home with hay jest a stickin' out o' him. Pore feller. Yer Ole Unckle fears thet there iz no cure fer him."

★ ★

"Read an ole proverb th' tother day what sez ez t' how 'It's an ill wind thet don't show good reezun fer th' styles in fancy stockins.'"

★ ★

"Told th' missus th' tother day thet I hed seen a gal down town what wuz a-wearin' pink garters. By heck, it took me an hour with th' help o' three almynacks en th' Bureau o' Weather t' convince her thet it had been a gee-wallopin' powerful windy day."

## WANT TO TAKE A SECOND CRUISE? ENLISTMENTS ARE OPEN

Enlistments in the Regular Army, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved February 28, 1919, will be made in accordance with the following instructions:

*Resumption of Enlistments*—Enlistments for all branches of the Regular Army will be resumed at once.

*Restrictions*—No men will be enlisted or re-enlisted who, on account of dependents, will be entitled to family allowances under the provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act. This, however, will not apply to men now in the army who were enlisted prior to April 2, 1917.

*Age Limits*—Age limits for original enlistments will be 18 to 40 years inclusive, except that for staff corps and departments the limit will be 45 years.

*Period of Enlistments*—The proportion of one and three-year enlistments will be regulated from time to time by instructions from the Adjutant General of the Army. For no restrictions on enlistments of either class are imposed upon recruiting officers except that no man shall be enlisted for one year, who has not had previous military service in the Army.

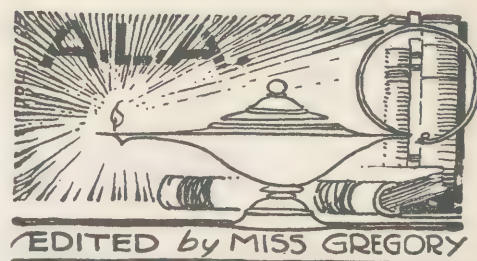
Special effort will be made to induce men to enlist for three years. It will be the policy of the War Department to assign for oversea service only men enlisted for three years, and, as many men as possible will be given this service. However, this policy will not be construed as to prohibit the enlistment for one year only of those men now in the American Expeditionary Forces who desire to enlist for that period and remain on duty with the American Expeditionary Forces.

*Assignments*—Men will be assigned as provided for in Circular No. 101. Those who desire assignment to the Motor Transport Corps, Tank Corps or Air Service will be enlisted for Infantry for assignment to the branch of the service desired and will be transferred to the latter in order to be so assigned. Assignments will be made in accordance with the provisions of the before-mentioned circular.

*Furlough Upon Re-enlistment*—All men discharged for the purpose of re-enlistment, who re-enlist on the day following discharge, will be granted a furlough of one month, if they desire it, to begin to take effect not later than one month after re-enlistment.

By order of the Secretary of War:

PEYTON C. MARCH,  
General, Chief of Staff.



The soldiers have been singing such songs as "My Daddy Is a Fireman" and that revived Salvation Army ditty that begins:

"The bells of Hell ring ting ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
For you, but not for me."

But this is not what they have been writing, for it is from those men who have been serving in the armies that we get those pictures of the visible imagery of battle as mirrored in the poet's mind. The poet has the capacity for remembering the splendor and forgetting the squalor of the dreadful vocation in which he was so suddenly engaged—a capacity at the root of that infinite cheerfulness which was such a priceless military asset in the early days of disillusionment and disaster. Never before in the history of English Literature, or of any other literature, has there been such an efflorescence of the spirit—poetry by those who know it from within. In previous wars it has been left to the professional poets to sing of the great events and personalities. Not so this war.

"The Muse in Arms" is a collection of War Poetry, edited by E. B. Osborn. Most of these poems were written on the field of action by seamen, soldiers and aviators of the Great War. It includes many of the very well known war poems, from those famous lines of Rupert Brooke:

"If I should die, think only this of me,  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is forever England."

and many others not previously published.

"War Verse," edited by Frank Foxcroft, is another recent anthology of War Verse. Here are some of the recent poems of such well known poets as Hardy, Bouvdillon, Brooke, Letts, Bridges, Binyon, Eden Phillpots, Lord Dunsany, Conan Doyle, G. K. Chesterton, Henry VanDyke, Alfred Noyes, Belloc and Oxenham.

Noyes, Edgar Lee Sasters, Robert Frest, Benet, Service, Brooke, Kipling, and several anthologies, will also be found on the Poetry shelf.



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**LATEST REGULATIONS ON DRESS**

With the demobilization of thousands of men, many of whom continue to wear service uniform, and noting an inclination to relax in the matter of conforming to the regulations covering the wearing of the uniform, discipline and military courtesy, General March, Chief of Staff, by order of the Secretary of War, has requested a compliance with the letter and spirit of the regulations. With respect to the uniform, it is not the policy of the War Department to work a hardship on men who are being separated from the service or those who have signified their intention to remain, by requiring abandonment of necessary articles of clothing or equipment which were purchased in good faith in a time of urgent necessity. Certain exceptions to the uniform regulations are authorized for the present. In the case of officers returning from overseas who are wearing uniform coats made in England or by English tailors, which are cut in a manner similar to the English tunic with a long skirt, with or without slit in the back or with large bellows pockets, those who are being discharged or soon to be separated from the service will not be required to discard the coats provided the cut of the coat is not so exaggerated as to cause the uniform to be confused with that of the British or other army. Those officers who intend to remain in the service may wear the coats a reasonable time. If the officer presents a creditable appearance and his uniform is easily recognizable as that of an army officer, he will not be required to discard articles which would require immediate replacement. Leather coats, short moleskin coats, trench coats, and overcoats with fur collars will be allowed. Leggings or boots of leather only are authorized, but enlisted men are not permitted to wear leather leggings or boots. The spiral puttee is authorized only for field service.

The overseas cap, the divisional, Army Corps or Field Army insignia worn on the left sleeve just below the shoulder and the spiral cloth puttee (this latter for an enlisted man only) are authorized for troops returning from abroad for demobilization or discharge, including casualties, and sick or wounded, officers and men alike. Officers and men who are to remain in the service and assigned to active duty in this country, will not be permitted to wear these articles. The Sam Browne or Liberty Belt is not authorized in this country and will not be worn. The Department takes this position on the ground that the belt is the distin-



guishing mark of the officer abroad but that there is no necessity for its introduction into the United States.

The prescribed wound and service chevrons, and special individual decorations, such as the medal of honor, distinguished service cross and medal, and the appropriate ribbon sections are a part of the uniform. Special individual decorations from foreign governments, such as the French Croix de Guerre or similar decorations from other foreign governments are authorized. The French shoulder cord, known as the fourragere is, however, a part of the French uniform and only two American organizations are authorized to wear it, namely, Sanitary Section 646 and the 103rd Aero Squadron. Citations are not sufficient, as special authorization for the fourragere must come from the French government. Such decorations as gold and silver stars on the sleeves, unauthorized campaign ribbons, gold chevrons presumed to denote that the wearer has been a prisoner of war, or indicating any service other than prescribed for such chevrons, are not authorized and will not be permitted.

The fact that the red chevron, which distinguishes a discharged enlisted man from those still in the service, is perhaps being used in some cases by men in the service as a means of deceiving military authorities is not considered sufficient cause to warrant its removal. These cases are subject to disciplinary action and this breach of regulations may prove disastrous for the offenders. Discharged men seem to be willing and ready to wear the chevron, even when necessary to purchase it from civilian firms. The Department does not consider it advisable to attempt to obtain legislation rendering discharged men in uniform subject to military discipline. Commanding officers have been advised to take proper action to insure that the rules of military courtesy are carefully observed by all officers and men connected with the service. "This cannot be forced upon discharged officers and men who do not desire to be governed by these rules," concludes the circular.

First Soldier (in restaurant)—"How's your egg, Bill?"

Second Soldier—"I'll match you to see who goes back for the gas masks."

#### SIGNIFICANT

"I shuddered when Tom proposed."

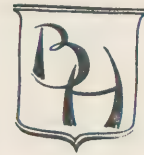
"Was he so awkward?"

"Oh, no; he did it so well."—*Boston Transcript.*

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GUY S. LAVENDER, Manager

Rates \$1.50 and Up

## BILL ON "M. P.'S"

My dere Maude:

Yer letters are agettin kind a scarce lately and I'm athinkin maybe now that all them fellers are comin back from Franse yer adoin a little hero worshippin and sorter lettin yer old steadys slide. Of course I got a lot of other girls writen ter me so it don't make much difference.

Yer no it's gettin kind of hard fer me ter rite yer a letter which has anything new in it. I most told yer all about this camp of ourn and as ter news, why there aint any. It's gettin ter be spring time in these parts which is sayin the wether is gettin grand. This part of the country is blessed with fine wether, lots of air, gorgeous scenery and cold water. And the natives can't stop braggin about all them vertues. I suppose it's because they git nothin else ter brag about. Nothin much is grown here, nor is there any industry worth while talkin about. But the air, the water, the scenery is great. God put that there. Lots of visitors from other parts come here lookin fer health, lots of them find it, but they leve a lot of loose change layin around, so the town is full of wealthy doctors and druggists.

We got some regeler M. P.'s in town now M. P. stands fer Military Police, but that aint what we calls them. They walks around town prouder than hell with some kind of a sign tied around there arm, which sez what they are. I mene what they're supposed ter be, what they are aint fit ter rite. They're always botherin us; we cant stand around in crowds, they make us button all our buttons and all in all are a general newsense. They're also suppose ter confiscate all the lickier they find. You bet they confiscate it, a swaller at a time. They're so thick they had ter be given pistols ter argue with, that settles all arguments. Never argue with a guy what got a pistol. It aint safe or sensible say I. He may try ter see if the blamed thing works. The M. P.'s are in town so much they got a big head start with the girls. One of the fat heads took a gifl ter the dance the other night. He only met her that night and didn't see her much in the light. When he got ter the dance he took off his coat and came back ter dance with his gal. He dance with her all night, took her home and then only found out that she wuz a different gal which he had taken ter the dance.

Yer independant frend

BILL.



## OTEEN DEFEATS KENILWORTH AT BOWLING

The Oteen Bowling Team, consisting of men from Michigan and led by our mutual friend, "Tiger" (Francis) Evans, went to Asheville Saturday evening and played their initial match game, defeating the Kenilworth Hospital team by a decisive margin of 240 points. Beck, of Oteen, who formerly played in professional tournaments, proved the star of the evening, averaging over 200 points each game. Judging from the enthusiasm and interest shown at the game, bowling promises to be one of the leading pastimes in Asheville.

Lieut. Steele, who is managing athletics and recreation at this Hospital, will gladly communicate with other bowling teams in or near Asheville desiring match games. Saturday night's score follows:

### OTEEN

Bilski .....	150	160	179
Champlin .....	140	135	137
Borgeman .....	134	171	184
Evans .....	172	189	215
Beck .....	188	226	192

784 881 917

### KENILWORTH

Cuomo .....	168	195	144
Wilburg .....	135	170	193
Adams .....	98	103	145
Higgins .....	135	158	140
Bohde .....	190	198	170

726 824 792

## THERE ARE TWO WAYS

TO REPAIR SHOES—THE  
CHAMPION SHOE HOSPITAL  
WAY AND THE OTHER

## CHAMPION SHOE HOSPITAL

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MAKE OUR CANDY DAILY. EXCELLENT MEALS  
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*At the Post Exchange You Get*

## "CAROLINA SPECIAL"

*"The Ice Cream Supreme"*



CAROLINA  
CREAMERY  
COMPANY

*Superior Milk Products*

## LOVING THE GERMANS

Inspired by psalms and sermons, and good books on the shelf, I try to love the Germans as I would love myself; but when I've loved the critters for minutes five or ten, I need a course of bitters to tone me up again. It's hard to love the people who trampled Belgium down, destroyed the church and steeple, and burned the helpless town. It's hard to love the blighters who raise a sickly whine when whipped by allied fighters, and shooed across the Rhine. And yet I keep on trying to love them more or less; the effort keeps me crying, and sweating, I confess; and when I've loved the duffers a half an hour or so, no other being suffers the agonies I know. I'm weary and exhausted, as though by mortal ills, by doctors I'm accosted, who say I'm needing pills. I feel my doom's been spoken, I'm hobbling on a crutch, I'm weak and bent and broken from loving Huns too much. A man may love the Russians nor find existence vain; but if he loves the Prussians he cannot stand the strain. And still, inspired by sermons which teach that hate's a fake, I'll try to love the Germans until my spare ribs break. WALT MASON

Sgt. to Pvt.—"What is your local board number?"

Private—"Well Sarge, I dunno, they sent me through so fast I didn't have time to look for no numbers."

SIX VARIETIES OF

## KRAFT'S FINE CHEESE

IN TINS ARE NOW ON SALE

—AT—

The Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY

The Rogers Grocery  
Company

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



## GENERAL GORGAS DECORATED

Major General William C. Gorgas, former Surgeon General of the Army, has been designated by the French government, a commander of the Legion of Honor "for the very distinguished services which they (others were decorated at the same time) have rendered in their respective spheres to their own country and to the common cause of the allies in the war against the Central Powers." This honor was conferred upon General Gorgas at the time that Major General George W. Goethals, Major General Jervy and Major General Frank McIntyre were made commanders of the Legion of Honor, and General Peyton C. March was named Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, the highest honor conferred. These decorations were personally conferred by General Collardet, Military Attache of the French Embassy, representing Monsieur Clemenceau, Premier and Minister of War of France in the reception room of the Secretary of War recently in the presence of the Secretary of War and a distinguished gathering of French and American officers.

A discharged soldier had died and some of his friends were looking out for his funeral. One of them stopped a soldier in uniform and said, "Pard, give us a dollar to bury a corporal."

"Good gracious, yes," replied the soldier, "here's ten dollars. Bury ten of them."

### We Can't Tell You In An Advertisement

whether you need glasses or not. Come to us, have your eyes examined and get our advice. Our especially designed glasses always afford relief to eyes that are sensitive.

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### NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

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THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF  
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What an endorsement for Quality this is!

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Asheville and Weaverville

Round Trip Tickets 45 Cents

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FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE  
ISN'T *THE* BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS *ONE* OF THE  
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR  
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

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### DITHYRAMBICS OF THE COMING DROUGHT

And it's will ye quaff with me, my lads?  
And it's will ye quaff with me?  
It is a flagon of malted milk  
I offer unto ye.  
Ay, drain the beaker dry, my lads!  
'Twill make ye smooth as silk;  
And all my days I'll sing the praise  
Of chocolate malted milk.

★ ★

Sober last night, sober the night before;  
Sober I'll be tonight and a good many evenings more.  
When I'm sober I'm as dull as I can be,  
For I am a member of the Dry Familee.

★ ★

Glorious! Glorious!  
One carafe of cider for the four of us!  
Glory be to God there were no more of us,  
For I could have drunk the cider all alone.

★ ★

Come, listen to my ditty, from a temperance town I steer,  
Like every honest fellow, I drink my water clear.  
Like every temperate person, I drink my ginger beer;  
I'm a rambling rake of abstinence, a son of a sermoneer.

★ ★

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Quart of Milk, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me, studying in some Public Park,  
Putting more Elevation on thy Brow!

★ ★

Here's to Prohibition, drink it down, drink it down!  
Here's to Prohibition, drink it down, drink it down!  
Here's to Prohibition,  
For it betters your condition;  
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down!

★ ★

There is a lunchroom in the town, in the town;  
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down;  
And drinks his cup of English breakfast tea,  
And always, always thinks of me.

■ ■

Grape-juice, women and song.

★ ★

A little sarsaparilla for thy stomach's sake.

★ ★

Good lemonade needs no bush.

Franklin P. Adams.



## NEW VARIETY OF SWINDLE

Co-operation of army hospital newspapers, in scotching a contemptible swindle that is being practiced by crooks, with next of kin of soldiers as victims, has been requested by the War Department. Taking advantage of the demobilization of the army and the return of soldiers to civil life, sharpers are swindling friends and relatives of soldiers by a fake call for funds to enable the returning soldier to get home.

Everyone familiar with military administration knows that discharged soldiers do not need to wire home for money to enable them to pay their way. Soldiers are being discharged at a camp as near their home as it is possible to arrange the matter, and when a man is separated from the service he is paid off and given an ample allowance for travel expenses to his home. This fact itself should warn relatives that telegrams they may receive requesting funds should be investigated before they comply with the request.

It is hoped that by a general expose of this scheme, it may be thwarted the same as a similar fraud was perpetrated upon unsuspecting relatives of soldiers in 1918, when swindlers send telegrams to the kin of soldiers asking that funds be sent by wire or mailed in care of General Delivery at the postoffice, to enable the soldier to visit his home on a furlough. It is pointed out that there is ordinarily no reason why a soldier should ask to have his mail sent in care of General Delivery, and requests to send in this way should bear close scrutiny.

The Postoffice authorities and the Department of Justice are assisting the War Department in an effort to arrest these swindlers, and the breaking up of the ring is confidently looked forward to.

## DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING?

Have you any information that will be of value for the government's history of the war? If so, send it to the Chief of the Historical branch of the Army War College in Washington. In a bulletin published to the army, officers, men and other persons who have served in or with the army during the war who are in possession of historical information of value for use in connection with the history of the war are authorized and invited to communicate such information direct by mail or otherwise to the War College. This information will be gone over by the College authorities and a complete history of the war compiled.

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*Druggists*

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# SAND

That's what it takes  
for a fellow to get  
well when he's sick.

And it's just about all  
a fellow needs to build  
a Bank Account.

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*Bon Marche*

## WHAT WILL LABOR DO?

Right now the eyes of the world are focused on the Labor problem. How will the problem of war wages be solved in peace times? To KNOW means to READ the

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The representative Labor paper. Out every Thursday. The Labor Movement NOT associated with I.W.W. or the Bolsheviks.

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FINE FURNITURE

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## YOU'VE MET HER

This is a tale of  
Fanfan, the movie fan.  
(You've met her).

The other day  
I stood beside her on the street car.  
She was all dressed up  
Like seven reels of the Perils of Pauline.  
She was engaged in the  
Most-popular-occupation-of-the-hour  
Fanfan was talking to a soldier.

"What a lov-e-ly blue hat cord!" she lillian-  
gished,  
As she gazed margueriteclarkishly into his  
eyes.

"Oh." Thus the soldier, indefinitely.

"I haven't any lov-e-ly blue hat cord at all,"  
she marypickforded,  
Twisting a lock of her ireneastled hair.

"Oh." Thus the soldier, indefinitely.

Finally, in sheer desperation  
The soldier tore the hat cord frantically  
from its position  
And gave it to Fanfan.  
She only had fifteen  
At-home-on-the-dresser.

Then she discovered that the next stop was  
hers.

The soldier sighed  
As he watched her thedabara  
Off the car.

That night  
He went to a two-dollar benefit at the Audi-  
torium  
And sat through the whole show.

"And you will take me to America with  
you apres la guerre?" asked the domoiselle  
of the buck private.

"But, mademoiselle," remonstrated the  
diplomatic buck, "the customs-house offi-  
cals would never pass such a priceless pearl  
as you!"

Any of you got a very old uniform?"  
asked the sergeant.

A private, scenting a new one, proudly  
displayed his frayed edges and stains.

"It isn't fit for much, is it?" commented  
the sergeant. "Parade at two-thirty for a  
coal-fatigue."



## SAID THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA!

And Cleopatra "also ran."

The lady, who for centuries has held the record for mixing the most expensive drink in the world has been distanced. Her place has been usurped by the wholesale liquor dealers—and Cleopatra's famous "pearl-dissolved in vinegar" cocktail holds first honors no longer.

Champagne at \$100 a quart, or \$25 a glass, has established a new record—and all because the wholesale dealers have bought up the entire supply of "bubbles"—in view of the increased rates under the new revenue bill—and they are going to hold onto it, until someone who owns a mint comes along and buys it back again.

Not only has imported champagne taken upon itself wings and gone sailing off on a sea of greenbacks, but highballs, cocktails, fizzy drinks, juleps, flips and cobbler, are aspiring to do likewise. Persons who dabble in such fancy fluids as dubonnet, benedictine, kummel and chartreuse are already in the class of men who own their own steam yachts and private racing stables.

New York reports that the humble "schooner" of beer that sailed across the bar at five cents per sail—sails only for 15 cents now—and that it is a mere dory—compared with the "schooner" of the days "befo' de war."

## Look!

Steaks, chops, chicken, fresh vegetables, cake, pastries, etc., are served daily at the Laurel Tea House.

All our cooking and baking is homemade.

Special attention given to luncheon and dinner parties.

### Laurel Tea House

Opp. Oteen Hospital

Oteen

North Carolina

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"The Leader's Shoe Department" has made special preparation to show the newest, stylish, yet comfortable Footwear specially designed for Nurses' use.

Brown and black kid, 5/8 military heels, light weight, welt sole, straight and wing tip. Special price \$6.50.

Genuine Peters' Reinskin Oxford, 5/8 military heels, light weight, white ivory soles, and permanent white heels, a sturdy well-fitting, yet comfortable walking Oxford. Specially priced \$5.95.

## THE LEADER

10-12 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## HELLO, BOYS!

FOR THE VERY BEST KODAK FINISHING, REMEMBER WE GIVE YOU THE KIND OF WORK YOU WILL ADMIRE. BRING YOUR FILMS TO US. FREE ENLARGEMENT COUPON WITH EACH ORDER.

### Robinson's Photo Supply House

3 HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## STYLE PLUS CLOTHES—FOR YOUNG MEN

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 and \$40.00

### W. L. Douglas Shoes

\$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$9.00

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS, HANDBAGS AND SUITCASES

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## POCKET KNIVES

EVERY BOY WANTS A POCKET KNIFE AND HE NEVER LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO GET OVER IT. CALL AND SEE OUR LINE OF ROBESON "SHUR-EDGE."

### OTTIS GREEN HDW. CO.

ON THE SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



## Learn the Latest Dances

THE MISSES FINLEY

*Dancing Teachers*

Private lessons by appointment.  
Dancing every Tuesday and Friday,  
8 to 11 p.m. Elks' Building, entrance  
Walnut Street.

55c a Couple

Phone 2171

## A TREAT FOR ANY SOLDIER!

Crystallized Apricots, stuffed with  
Toasted Almonds! Can you imagine  
anything more delicious? Packed in  
convenient boxes to keep in your  
bunk.

Park & Tilford's Candies. Send a  
box home to your girl.

**Sawyer Grocery Co.**

College St.

Asheville, N. C.

## BATTLES OF BRUNO

(Continued from page 10)

coming, however, and managed by good  
foot-work to dodge the blow.

"How noble you are. What a splendid  
spirit! To think that you consent to go  
with all them low-down ignorant privates!  
It's too wonderful!"

Hertha's father came in while Hertha  
was expressing her admiration. He asked  
if they had begun blasting again in the  
old Washeville quarry, but Hertha inter-  
rupted to tell him of Bruno's great decision.  
For some reason Bruno decided not to show  
Hertha's father the letter from the Presi-  
dent. He just stood with modestly averted  
face, while Hertha's father clasped his  
hands in mute admiration of the lad's he-  
roic spirit.

Outside the sun was setting. It seemed  
to Bruno as he looked out across the Washe-  
ville Central Gas Works, and the line of  
empties on the siding, across the dun  
meadows where the lingering light of day  
made it hard to read all the signs adver-  
tising the best hotels in Philadelphia that  
life was indeed a glorius adventure.

(To be continued next week if the slight  
cold we are suffering from doesn't turn  
into flu).

A teacher was telling her class little  
stories in natural history, and she asked if  
any one could tell her what a ground hog  
was. Up went a little hand waving fran-  
tically.

"Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a  
ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."

"Norah," said the Major's wife to her  
cook, "I want you to get up an extra nice  
dinner for Sunday. I have written Captain  
Smith that we would enjoy the pleasure of  
his company next Sunday evening."

Norah—"Sure, ma'am, I'd rather leave  
than cook for a whole company of them sol-  
diers."

Letting the office seek the man may be  
good enough in theory, but when it's a fat  
job nobody wants to see it get winded.

"No one," says the German Chancellor,  
"can deprive the German people of their  
brains." We know. But Ebert need not  
have rubbed it into them like that.—*Punch*.

## SLAYDEN, FAKES & COMPANY

*Wholesale Grocers*

27-29-31 SOUTH LEXINGTON AVENUE  
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## If We Make Your Skylight



there will be no question of its leak-  
ing. We guarantee all the joints will  
be absolutely water and wind tight.  
That it will fit perfectly and that, bar-  
ring accidents, it will last for years.  
Estimates cheerfully given at any  
time.

**W. H. Arthur Sheet Metal Works**

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TELEPHONE 2116





The tourist trade!

A great deal of money flows into Asheville from the pockets of the tourists.

Merchants of Asheville, do you want some of the visitors' business?

Do you want to know how to get it?

Advertise in THE OTEEN!

THE OTEEN meets all the guests of the Asheville Hotels.

### KNOW THESE FELLOWS?

One night, not long ago, the writer chanced to be attending an entertainment in one of the buildings at which our newly organized orchestra furnished music. There were some fellows there who displayed their superior knowledge of things musical and of life in general by loudly commenting upon the playing of the orchestra.

People of that type should not attend entertainments in this poor section. Of course, we are ignorant and unsophisticated and absolutely unversed in matters of music and entertainment and we are thankful for their good hearted efforts to enlighten us. but—if people of this type will just stay away from such things that do not meet the requirements of their exquisite tastes, or if they will just refrain from advertising their presence, we will all greatly appreciate it because, somehow, our poor tastes find much to enjoy here—and we prefer to enjoy it wholly in our ignorance.

Incidentally the fellows of the orchestra deserve a great vote of thanks for their good music and for their hard work in trying to make a go of it. We realize that nothing is perfect in the formative stage but we also realize that these fellows are driving in the right direction and that they deserve the earnest support of every lover of music and of everyone who appreciates an effort to make life a little more endurable.

Stay with it fellows, we are behind you and for you. C.E.G.

Traffic Cop — "Come on. What's the matter with you?"

Truck Driver — "I'm well, thanks; but my engine's dead."

### GOOD TASTE

Willie—"Paw, what is the breath of suspicion?"

Paw—"The one that has cloves on it, my son."

"Private Blank, said the Colonel severely reprimanding a dough-boy for a minor breach of military regulation,, "What would you do if I should tell you that you were to be shot at sunrise?"

"Gosh, Colonel," replied the Yank, "I'd sure pray for a cloudy day."

While the Germans were marching through a Belgium province, one of them said sneeringly to a farmer sowing seed:

"You may sow, but we shall reap."

"Well, perhaps you may," was the reply. "I am sowing hemp."

### Smith's Drug Store

"On the Square"

wishes to announce that it is now under new management and ownership. We shall do our utmost to make it the finest from the points of service and sanitation.

Soldiers especially are invited to make this store their headquarters.

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF QUALITY

PRICES VERY REASONABLE

### THE PLOWMAN STUDIO

32 PATTON AVENUE

TELEPHONE 1431

2,500 pairs of feet walk around this Hospital daily. Those feet need shoes, lots of them.

In fact, enough to keep all the shoe stores in Asheville busy for a long time. Whether or not these feet walk into your store for shoes is up to you.

One good way, the best in fact, to start these feet coming your way is to advertise in The Oteen.

Yes, we have seen several pairs of these feet in our Shoe Department and we feel it is due greatly to the co-operation of The Oteen.

*Anthony Bros*  
OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

"The House of Honest Values"



## AT YOUR SERVICE!

We give special attention to the banking needs of officers, enlisted men and nurses of the U. S. Army.

Your inquiries as to how we may serve you will be welcome.

## *The Battery Park Bank*

*Members Federal Reserve System*

**WE** are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



## CITIZENS BANK

EDWIN L. RAY, *President*  
JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*  
WM. F. DUNCAN, *Asst. Cashier*

Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.



# THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

Will be pleased to handle in a courteous and efficient manner all business entrusted to its care. Your Account, large or small, is invited.

## AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Cor. Church St. and Patton Ave.

Asheville, N. C.

# Every Home Needs Good Music

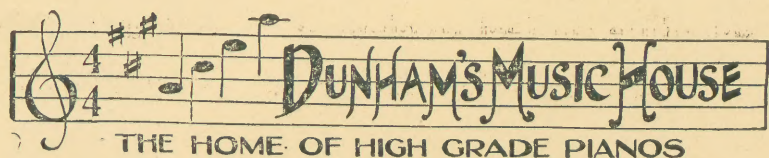


## The Singing Tone

OF OUR PIANO IS PERFECT. IT HARMONIZES WITH THE VOICE OR A CHORUS OF THEM. THEN THE TOUCH IS LIGHT AND EASY. THE SWEET SINGING QUALITY IS FINE. YOU CAN SECURE ONE AT THE LOWEST COST PRICE ON ECONOMICAL TERMS AT

### LIST OF PIANOS

KNABE	ESTEY
MEHLIN	MILTON
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# Asheville-Oteen Transportation

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*The Red Diamond Service offers  
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**MORNING SCHEDULE**—Leaving Pack Square, First Trip 7:30 a.m.  
then every hour on the HALF HOUR. Leaving Post No. 3 first trip  
8:00 a.m., then every hour on THE HOUR.

**AFTERNOON AND EVENING SCHEDULE** — Leaving Pack Sq.  
First Trip 2:00 p.m., then every hour on THE HOUR until midnight.  
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